

PS991
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PLACE.

PEACE.



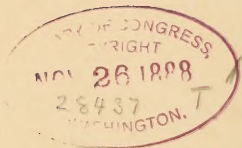
BY K. H. J.

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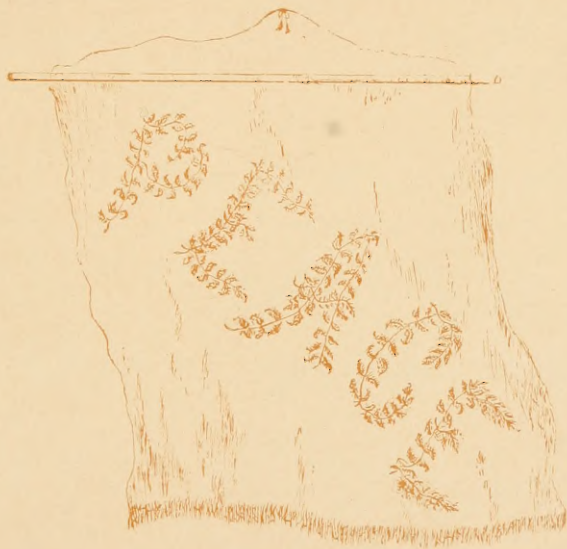


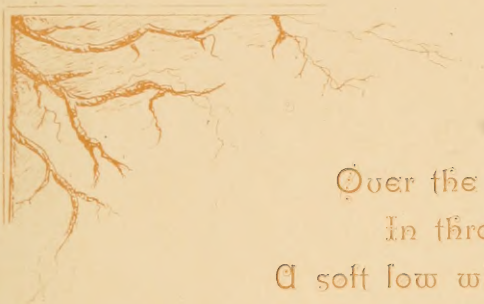
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Over the drifting snows,
In thro' the bitter storm,
A soft low wind of the
 woodland blows
With the breath of the summer, warm.



Only some fairy ferns,
On a crimson banner set;
Only the thought of a heart
that turns
From the warfare
it fain would forget.







Spell the tiny leaves,

With wave and ripple and curve,

And a Summer blessing, my heart receives,

From Him

Whom His summers give.





For I think

how the low life-growths

In the agony of sorrowful years

Shall spell at last,

'neath the Father's hand.

The "Peace"

that is offspring of tears.

And the tender green
to precious bloom.

Love will write "Peace"

For thee yet,
Each letter interpreting when,



On the love=red ground
of His Passion 'tis set,
With seal of God's changeless
Amen.



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